

## BEFORE THE FOURTH.

BY JESSIE STEEL.



Seven little pennies in the toy bank,  
Saved by little Tommy  
From his little clink and clank.  
Nine little fire-crackers in the corner store,  
Coveted by urrhins  
Each day more and more.  
Eight little matches  
Stolen from the box  
By the little urchins,  
Lying keys and locks.  
Seven little shakes,  
And the bank was opened  
Quite.  
Matches, pennies, nr-  
chins, came down the  
street in flight.  
Six pairs of eyes viewed  
The fire-cracker jack,  
Left the cash, and hid them to the village com-  
mon back.  
Five little fingers undid the fastening, string,  
Five little crackers exploded with a ping!  
Four little minutes in silence passed away,  
When upon the common a common cat did  
stray.  
Three little crackers they tied to kitty's tail—  
Whizz! puff! scurry! scold! the fur it flew like  
ball!  
Two little jumps, and into the fire-cracker shop,  
Arising and exploding, did pretty kitty flop.  
One big heap of ashes—it is the village store,  
One awful licking—the boys break banks no  
more!

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Plain Truths for Patriots.

BY COL. ALEX. DUKE BAILEY.

In this year 1890, standing as we do, just across the threshold and within the second century of our Constitutional Government, we can best show our reverence for the beneficent past by seeking for once all "spread-eagles," and seriously considering, with the solemnity becoming men who would do their full duty as citizens of the United States, those perils which confront our future prosperity and grandeur, rise toward the lead of all nations of the earth.

It may have been fitting that noise and general jollification, abandonment to "brag" were the prominent features of the Fourth of July of the boyhood of our nation, but we have reached our manhood days now and must put away the rattles and romps of children, and consider and act as becomes those who have reached maturity and from whom the world right-fully expects and demands man's per-  
formance and resulting good for hu-  
manity.

There are clouds overhead and convul-  
sions threatening under our feet, and  
while we reverently return thanks to Al-  
mighty God for the past, we should care-  
fully survey and consider the dangers  
that exist on the ground we must march  
over in the future.

It is not well to look backward; the  
marvelous past of the years since noise  
and universal jubilee celebrated our first  
Independence Day, if we contemplate  
this alone, paralyze the imagination, and  
as we gaze upon the vast accumulations  
of the century gone, awe and pride dazzle  
our eyes and we are unable to look for-  
ward to the pitfalls open in our pathway.  
If we neglect to look forward with the  
keen eyes of men, and to properly esti-  
mate and provide to avert the destructive  
influences undermining our national ex-  
istence, for the results which must in-  
evitably follow we will alone be to blame,  
and our punishment will be correspond-  
ingly severe.

Since the Fourth of July became recog-  
nized as the national day, our popu-  
lation has grown from four to sixty-  
five millions. Its center moving west-  
ward one thousand miles since 1790, is  
eloquent with the founding of cities and  
the birth of States. New settlements,  
clearing the forests and subduing the  
prairies, and adding four millions to the  
few thousand farmers which were the  
support of the early Republic, create  
one of the great granaries of the  
world, and open exhaustless reservoirs of  
national wealth. The industries which  
the first act of our first administration  
sought to encourage now give remuner-  
ative employment to millions of people  
inhabited the Republic when first estab-  
lished. The grand total of their annual  
output of seven thousand millions of dol-  
lars in value places the United States  
first among the manufacturing countries  
of the earth. One-half the total mileage  
of all the railroads and waterways of the  
telegraph lines of the world within  
our borders testify to the volume, variety  
and value of an internal commerce which  
enables these States, if need be, and if  
wisely used, independent and self-sup-  
porting. The hundred years of develop-  
ment under adverse and unfavorable con-  
ditions have brought the sum of  
our national wealth to a figure which  
has passed the results of a thousand  
years for the motherland herself, other-  
wise the richest of all modern empires.

During this generation a civil war of  
unequalled magnitude caused the destruc-  
tion and loss of eight billions of dollars,  
and killed over six hundred thousand  
and permanently disabled over a million  
gallant men, and yet the impetuous pro-  
gress of the North and the marvelous de-  
velopment of the new and free South  
have obliterated the evidences of destruc-  
tion, and in all save political questions,  
made the war a memory only, have stim-  
ulated production on our annual sur-  
plus nearly equals that of England,  
France, and Germany combined. The  
teeming millions of Asia till the patient  
soil and work the shuttle as their fathers  
had done for ages; modern Europe has  
felt the influence and received the benefit  
of the incalculable multiplication of  
force by inventive genius since the Na-  
poleonic wars; and yet only 270 years  
after the little band of pilgrims landed  
on Plymouth Rock our people, number-  
ing less than one-fiftieth of the in-  
habitants of the globe, do one-third of its  
mining, one-fourth of its manufacturing,  
one-fifth of its agriculture, and own one-  
sixth of its wealth.

This realism of material prosperity,  
surpassing the wildest creations of the  
romancers who have astonished and de-  
lighted the nations, only serves to more  
plainly point the dangers of the present  
and menace for the future if the virtue,  
liberty and independence of our  
people be not equal to the wise regula-  
tion of its uses and the stern prevention  
of its abuses.

Following the growth and power of the  
great factors whose aggregation of cap-  
ital made possible the tremendous pace  
of the settlement of our national domain,  
the building of our great cities, and the  
opening of the lines of communication  
which have unified our country and cre-  
ated our resources have come national  
and State legislation and supervision.  
In this legislation, and the hands to  
which it is delegated, rests the great dan-  
ger to which our liberties and our pros-  
perity, our national existence is exposed.  
It is the people who, by their own acts,  
delegate these legislative powers—to  
whom?

It may be safely assumed in this nine-  
teenth century that the value of a prom-  
inent citizen, whose prominence is derived  
from his political activity, is gauged by  
his conduct toward and treatment of  
those with whom, in the course of his  
chosen avocation, he is brought in con-  
tact. It will also be gauged by the ordi-  
nary rules which govern mankind are  
equally applicable to the class which we  
are accustomed to regard as politicians.  
It follows, if these propositions be  
true, that those who most nearly approach  
the rules of intercourse which the expe-  
rience of ages has shown to be the best  
adapted to humanity in its relations to  
its component parts, should be the most  
successful as politicians.

But is this true?  
It needs but a glance at the political  
arena of to-day to establish the fact,  
most apparent, that a sincere regard for  
the laws which society has established  
for its own protection is by no means  
necessary to insure political success. It  
therefore becomes a proper subject of  
inquiry and action upon the part of all  
whose earnest efforts are directed to the  
task of improving our systems of par-  
tisan politics. And in these inquiries it is  
well to ascertain what is meant by suc-

cess. In its broad sense, the word may  
be taken to mean continuous promotion  
until the aspirant reaches the front rank,  
and is universally acknowledged as a  
leader. Ability must necessarily be a pre-  
requisite of such a consummation. In its  
ordinary acceptance, it means the power,  
by any methods, to reach a medium  
height, where recognition comes in the  
shape of a certain fixed remuneration. To  
do this, ability, except on a certain low  
order, is not necessary; and it is here that  
we may look for and find the cause of so  
general a neglect of the ordinary rules of  
social intercourse and actual honesty  
among those who are termed politicians,  
those to whom the public delegate their  
authority, and those who, in fact, we set  
and elect our officials, from the highest  
to the most humble.

The field of politics has become a field  
of battle, and in the turmoil and strife  
attendant upon any action where man is  
pitted against man, there is neither time  
nor inclination to pay attention to any  
of the wheels of social progress; but in  
almost every other department of  
social life we find men regulating their  
conduct toward each other with more  
regard for the decencies of life and the  
demands of honor. In politics alone  
do we find cruelty, falsehood, meanness,  
the rule rather than the exception. In  
the gladiatorial contests of ancient Rome  
the successful combatant spared his  
prostrate antagonist until the inverted  
thumbs indicated the desire of the spec-  
tators for the finishing stroke. In mod-  
ern warfare the striking of the flag or the  
waving of a flag of truce is the signal for  
an instantaneous cessation of hostilities.  
In the prize-ring a blow delivered after  
a fall gives the nominal victory to the  
vanquished. A commander who fires  
into the ranks of his opponents after  
they have given the tokens of submission  
is a murderer. In the grade of political  
warfare with which the average American  
is most familiar—which begins in the  
ward caucus, is carried into the bear-  
garden of Congress, and does not end even  
at the White House—he who spares his  
defeated opponent, even after he has  
crushed him, is held as little better than  
a fool, is branded a "traitor," not to honor  
or to country, but to party. In the other  
battles of life the juvenile rule of fair  
play, "take one of your own size," is gen-  
erally regarded. In politics, no antago-  
nists are too small or too insignificant to

receive killing attentions. Hurt or harm  
to the country or general prosperity re-  
ceives no consideration, the opposition  
must be killed—thus said, through their  
chosen political leaders, the people.  
There is no culture in politics, but there  
is a point beyond which brutality is un-  
necessary. The people will ever applaud  
a contest between equals, for they  
can see that in such a contest lies the  
hope of good government. Why should  
the people stand idle and quiet when one  
man or party, having the other down,  
uses every foul means to keep him under  
foot and thus teach him the doctrine of a  
political hereafter by mauling him and  
dragging his political carcass until it is  
worn to shreds? It is neither edifying  
nor profitable. Still more disgusting and  
dangerous is the spectacle, so frequently  
presented, of some leader visiting upon  
an inferior who has incurred his dis-  
pleasure, or who has refused to acknowl-  
edge his dictatorship, the brutality of a  
slave-driver. The contumely of an in-  
ferior in position is the impertinence of  
a child. To visit upon him the full  
force and power of temporary, and, per-  
haps, accidental superiority, is to dis-  
play nothing more than the strength  
of the brute who belabors with his  
hand and foot the unfortunate weakling  
who has offended him. It is superfluous  
to term this cowardice; it is, in politics,  
better to regard such conduct as a con-  
fession of an inability to contend upon  
equal terms. And yet it would not be  
difficult to enumerate instances, within  
the knowledge of every reader, in which  
the inferior has been followed in his  
business and social relations with an  
undying and an unmitigated persecu-  
tion, as cruel as any of the political or  
religious horrors of the middle ages.  
When Philip II. took from the relatives  
of the victims of the Inquisition all the  
rights of humanity, except the bare right

to breathe the air which his villainies  
had poisoned, intelligent men denounced  
him as a fit instrument of the Prince  
of Darkness, and yet the tactics of  
Philip, unmodified in the slightest de-  
gree, are perpetuated to-day by men who  
only lack the opportunity to equal him in  
villainy. And this is "Free America,"  
with the voters, "the people," looking on  
and applauding. How long can Liberty  
live under such rule as this?

The corrupt use of money for the pur-  
pose of controlling elections has grown  
to such huge proportions, and has become  
so open and flagrant, that the most care-  
less citizen must acknowledge it, and the  
fact must or should be a mark every man  
who prizes the safety of our country's in-  
stitutions above the success of any indi-  
vidual or party. Success is purchased  
with a prodigious expenditure of money,  
which could be secured in no other way,  
and in direct opposition to public opin-  
ion, and against the desires and wishes  
of a large majority of the voters. Yet the  
defeated tamely submit, year after year,  
Men elected to responsible positions by  
a confiding or leader-driven people bring  
away their honor and manhood for a  
paltry sum of money, and vote for men  
and measures in open violation of their  
sense of duty, and against both their  
conscience and judgment; and sell them-  
selves, body and soul, to a wealthy aspi-  
rant for exalted honors, or reckless cor-  
porations bent upon public plunder.  
This is no fancy picture drawn from the  
realm of imagination, but a stern, un-  
pleasant truth, seen even through the  
dawning flag of Independence Day, and  
forcing itself upon the thinking of the  
whole ears are filled with the oration  
rolled forth by some politician who is  
glorifying "our country"—and himself.

When William M. Tweed, better known  
as "Boss Tweed," was at the zenith of  
his power and popularity; when the Em-  
pire State of New York lay at his feet;  
when Governors and Congressmen,  
United States Senators, and even candi-  
dates for President basked in the sun-  
shine of his favor, he retained his auto-  
cratic power by the profligate use of  
money, and those who benefited by his  
power well knew that the money was  
closhed from the public funds of the peo-  
ple, and scattered by him with a lavish  
hand among the tools he had bought to  
do his bidding in corrupting the cham-  
pions of power and influence. And when  
investigation began this criminal chief,

secure in his hold upon the public's  
throat, coolly tipped back in his easy  
chair and said: "What are you going to  
do about it?"  
There is not a section of this country  
free from an actual or aspirant Tweed,  
and the more successful in following  
that high priest of peculation, the more  
boldly does the imitator ask the same  
question, and it is time for the public to  
look ahead and ask, "What are we going  
to do about it?"

Ambition and honorable strife for pub-  
lic position are commendable, but this  
ambition should extend beyond the desire  
for public plunder and self-aggrandize-  
ment, and the struggle should be con-  
ducted in a manner becoming reputable,  
respectable citizens of a free country,  
working for the best interests of the  
whole people. Politics is a necessary  
factor in a free government, and public  
discussions are eminently proper and de-  
sirable, but the American people are  
not fulfilling the highest duties of  
citizens when they permit positions  
of public trust and honor to be bartered  
away for gold. Political machinery is  
also necessary, but not of the expensive  
order and vote destroying or vote-dupli-  
cating construction used throughout this  
country during the past twenty years,  
and more particularly during the last five  
years.

The fault is not only of men but also  
of methods, and unless reform is had at  
once to honest and decent methods, and  
measures taken to secure intelligent,  
capable, honest men for public positions,  
no matter what their preferences may be  
for men to be elected to high places of  
honor and trust, the days of this Repub-  
lic are numbered.

This is no Fourth of July oration ac-  
cording to rule. It may, on that account,  
attract the reader; he would be a dull

student who could not profit by the plain  
truths of even this homely lesson.

A True Gentleman.

A Chinaman entered a Sixth avenue  
elevated car the other afternoon, fol-  
lowed by a trio of his American prop-  
erty. The car being nearly filled, all  
scurried into separate seats. The ten-  
year-old boy and the eight-year-old  
girl had the facial angles and the tusk-  
like teeth of their Confucian ancestry.  
The youngest, a five-year-old tot, had  
chubby, though cream-colored fea-  
tures, and a smile wherein the Caucas-  
ian element predominated. All had  
little black eyes that twinkled and  
gleamed like those of mice.

A passenger left the second seat from  
the Chinese paterfamilias and got out  
at a station. The little tot sidled  
across the aisle and stood by the vacant  
seat, looking wistfully at her father  
and twisting her fingers. The gentle-  
man sitting next to the Chinaman—  
gentleman, though in blue denim over-  
alls and a hickory jumper, with a tin  
dinner pail beneath his feet, took the  
situation and changed to the next seat.  
The child flew to her father's side and  
nestled there. She beamed her glee  
across the car to her brother and sister,  
and they grinned back. Half the  
careful of people felt the contagion of  
good-fellowship, and smiled or grinned  
according to their respective natures.  
A lady, tall and gracious, passing  
out with her escort, blushing brightly,  
passed near the Chinaman, stooped  
and patted the little one's cream-  
colored cheek and spoke some cooing  
words of praise to the delighted father.  
The Chinaman tipped his hat as the  
lady passed out. Then he began to  
chuckle all to himself. He chuckled  
all down the line.

When I got out at Park place he was  
still chuckling.  
Moral—Pick it out for yourself.—  
New York Herald.

He who cannot hold his peace till the  
true time comes for acting and speak-  
ing, is no right man.

## BILDAD'S RETURN.

The Eminent Statesman Crosses the Deep  
and Loses His Hat Thereon—Providence  
vs. Snakes—Goes to Sleep on the Ship.



I ARRIVED in New  
York to-day and am glad  
to find myself all well  
and happy. Don't think  
I will travel any more.  
There's too much ex-  
citement in it for  
my fine-strung  
nerves.

While in London,  
and after I had  
finished my inter-  
view with Mr.  
Stanley, I thought  
I might as well take  
a stroll out in the  
country and see if  
the farms in any  
way resembled our  
good old homes in  
America.

While on this little tour of inspec-  
tion a very singular occurrence took  
place. I will relate it for the interest  
of those who will take an interest in it.  
I was walking along the road, quiet-  
ly watching the birds and trees and  
flowers, when I noticed a large snake  
at the side of the road. Naturally, I  
started to run. It followed. I had  
nothing to kill it with, and I thought  
it a good idea to let it follow me back  
where there were some people to help  
with it.

So I started out on a little easy trot,  
and the snake followed within three  
feet of me, but did not offer to spring  
at me.  
There was a large stone in the path  
ahead of me, and when I stepped over  
it, in some way I fell so as to sit down  
exactly on the stone. The snake was  
just coming over the stone, and I cut  
him in two.

I don't know but that the jar was  
rather severe upon me, but withal I  
was very well satisfied, inasmuch as I  
was rid of my tormentor.

I decided not to monkey around in  
the country any more, lest were I to  
again get into such a fix providence  
might not relieve me as quickly and  
curiously as on this occasion. So I  
started, right for the ticket window  
and arrived there just twenty minutes,  
by my Waterbury, before a train  
would take me to the water's edge.

After purchasing my transportation  
and getting myself seated in a comfort-  
able chair I felt better.

I lost my hat on the way over, and  
asked one of the sailors to jump  
into the water and get it for me, but  
after he said "What do you take me for,  
sonny?" in a dangerous tone of voice.  
I thought I would come to New York  
bareheaded, rather than raise another  
kick out of it.

An old fellow who seemed to take a  
great deal of interest in me offered to  
lend me an old hat to wear till I got  
where I could buy one, but I gave him  
such a contemptuous glance from my  
dark, expressive eyes that he nearly  
fainted, and on recovering himself  
knocked his hat off and I watched it  
leisurely sail down and settle upon the  
foaming crest of the deep blue.

He looked sorrowful, and I suggested  
that he should wear the old hat he had  
offered me.

After this I got a pin and made a  
pin-hook out of it, got a spool of thread  
and busied myself for the rest of the  
forenoon in trying to get the hat.  
About 11 a. m., after the sun had  
nearly melted my head, I suddenly  
thought that perhaps that hat was  
1,000 leagues away by this time, so I  
went in to bathe the feverish top of my  
head.

During my convalescence I thought  
I would write to you, dear Mr. Editor,  
so that you might sympathize with me.  
You know how it is, brother, when you  
feel like it will soon be over. You  
think of the many little crooked acts  
that perhaps you have never given  
consideration before. Perhaps you have  
cheated your neighbor out of seventy-  
five cents. Perhaps you have looked  
on the wine when it was red. Then  
somebody else looked at it and it wasn't  
there. Where did it go? This ques-  
tion comes home with striking signifi-  
cance.

My fellow men, prepare yourselves  
for such emergencies.

I thought of my home, of my family,  
of the hole my absence would make in  
the family circle, of my girl pining  
away day by day, losing three pounds  
a week; I thought of my wife and dear  
children. Let me see—did I mention  
a girl? It was a mistake. What girl  
was it?

It's hard to tell.  
Well, I have got this business all  
tangled up. I must have a little sleep.  
Will call again.

JIM BILDAD, the Shuhite.

It Wasn't a Bluff.

I was talking with the landlord of a  
small but tidy hotel, in a town in Illi-  
nois, when a trampish-looking fellow  
about 30 years of age entered the office  
and walked directly up to us and  
asked:

"Which of you is the landlord?"

"I am," answered the host.

"Well, I am out of money, hungry  
and ragged, and have got to make a  
strike. Can you lend me a fiver?"

"Lend you \$5?"

"That's what I said."

"Not much."

"Then I will blow my brains out  
right here and now!" said the fellow  
as he pulled a pistol from his hip  
pocket. "If you don't think the money  
the inquest, and what the papers will  
say won't hurt your house more than  
\$5 worth, why, don't give me the mon-  
ey. Give you thirty seconds to decide."

"Here's your five," said the landlord,  
after looking the man over.

He took it with a "Thank you," and  
went off, and a week later, when at  
Des Moines, I entered my hotel to find  
a man dead on the floor and a Cor-  
oner's inquest going on.

"Who is he?" I asked of the land-  
lord.

"Don't know. He came in about an  
hour ago and struck me for five, say-  
ing he would blow his brains out if I  
refused. I ordered him out, and there  
he lies. I thought he was bluffing,  
but he had a full hand and played it."

—New York Sun.

MIRRORS are for the indolent; they  
encourage idle reflections.

## PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

A PLANE-DEALER—the carpenter.  
Good material for bathing suits—  
watered silk.

At the concert: "I want to ask you a  
question." "Don't talk now; wait until  
the concert begins."

"GEORGE, what is meant by the  
'dead of night?'" "It would mean that  
cat of Tomkins, if I could aim straight."

"Is there anything that will bring  
youth to a woman?"  
Well, a leading smile from her might  
bring him to her feet.

TALENTED BOY—Papa, may I get my  
paints, and paint a picture? Practical  
father—Not now, my son; but you may  
get some lime and white-wash the cel-  
lar.

MR. GUZZLETON (going out)—You  
needn't sit up for me to-night, Maria.  
Mrs. Guzzleton—No, I suppose you  
can do all the "setting-up" that is  
needed yourself.

"Isn't her own dress that turns a  
woman's head, fond as the sex are of  
finery." "No?" "No, it is the dress of  
another woman who passes her on the  
street that turns her head."

DEACON EBOXY—I heah you hab  
moved, Brudder Black. Has you got  
into a select neighborhood? Brudder  
Black—I hab, for a fac, Deacon. Neb-  
ber saw such a selection ob chickens in  
mah life.

CONTRIBUTOR—Have you examined  
my story? Editor—Yes; I've weighed  
it and found it wanting. "Then why  
didn't you return it to me?" "It was  
wanting in postage to the amount of  
sixteen cents."

LOVING MOTHER—See that boy of mine  
run! A minute ago he said he couldn't  
go to school, being so lame from a  
stone-bruise. Another boy (flying past)  
Don't yer see the head of the circus  
procession down yonder?

MRS. SLIMDIET—So you have placed  
yourself under the care of a physician  
who reduces superfluous flesh? Did he  
recommend any special diet? New  
boarder—No, madam. He simply rec-  
ommended your boarding-house.

MRS. O'KELLY claims to be a literary  
lady because she cleans the office of a  
magazine editor and sells the contents  
of his waste-basket to the junk-man.  
She says no one dare deny that she is a  
polisher of literary stock and a dealer  
in literary wares.

A STRANGER in the city seeing an urch-  
in on Broadway patted him on the  
head and said: "Can you tell me where  
14th street is, little boy?" The gam-  
in stared seemingly incredulous at the  
gentleman and then, shrieking hysteri-  
cally to a distant comrade, "Hey,  
Chimmy!" he yelled, "here's a feller  
what don't know where 14th street is!"

At a hotel a waiter came out of the  
coffee-room and informed the manager  
that a man was raising a disturbance  
because he could not have his accus-  
tomed seat at the table. "Go in again,"  
said the manager, "and propitiate him  
in some way." Back went the waiter  
and said: "If you don't like the  
way things is done here, you can get  
out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

At the close of a fair in South Boston  
the other evening the unsold articles  
were offered at auction, and a round  
lot of cream pies were knocked down  
to a gentleman who seemed particu-  
larly anxious to get them. "My wife  
made these pies," he said, "and gave  
them to the fair; but as she never  
makes any of this quality except to  
give away, my only chance is to buy  
them." And then he sat down and con-  
sumed a couple in silence.

She Got a Pointer.

Two men were playing a game of  
euchre in a drawing-room car on the  
Erie road, and a little woman who had  
a seat near by watched the game with  
great interest. Finally, as a certain  
play was made, she asked:

"Did he take the trick with the  
king of hearts?"

"Yes'm."

"He took your queen with his king?"

"Just so, ma'am."

"Oh, no, ma'am, the queen ranks one  
below the king."

"Is that so everywhere?"

"Yes'm."

"Can't be no mistake?"

"Not the slightest. Do you play?"

"Not much. My husband set out to  
learn me, but I took all his kings with  
my queens, and he got mad, and quar-  
reled about it, and, and—"

"And you don't play any more?"

"N—no, sir, but I'll telegraph him  
within the next ten minutes that I was  
wrong, and that all is forgiven, and  
that I'll return and let him even take  
the bowers with ten spots if he wants  
to!"—New York Sun.

The Woman Who Sat Sideways.

A woman, who may have come from  
Perryburg or somewhere, got on a  
street-car yesterday at my corner. The  
car was full of passengers of her own  
sex, but there would have been a seat  
for her but for one woman who per-  
sisted in sitting sideways and ignoring  
the presence of the passenger who was  
hanging on the straps. The newcomer  
looked long and earnestly at the one  
who was sitting sideways, then stoop-  
ing a little, said sympathizingly:  
"Got a boil, I reckon?"

Although there were not many men  
present to snicker, the bell rang in-  
stantly and one enraged feminine left  
the car.—Toledo Blade.

ONE of the state foresters of Prussia  
estimates that the forests of Europe  
cover the following areas: Germany,  
34,596,000 acres; Russia, 494,228,600;  
Austria-Hungary, 46,951,700 acres;  
Sweden, 42,000,000 acres; France,  
22,240,000 acres; Spain, 19,769,000  
acres, and England, 2,471,000 acres.

MRS. EVANS GORDON is winning  
great praise in India as a tiger-slayer.  
When it comes to a question of the lady  
or the tiger, the tiger loses every time.

THE Philadelphia Times intimates  
that the mosquito believes in free trade.  
This is a mistake; he exacts a heavy  
tariff on them.

It improves your memory to lend a  
friend \$0, but it destroys the memory  
of your friend.